



lean for me and i'll fall back (unzip your skin) by everybreatheverymove

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

Pairings: Eleven/Jane H./Mike W.

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-07-21 16:26:50

Updated: 2019-07-21 16:26:50

Packaged: 2019-12-12 19:07:36

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,145

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: (Prompt: Mike discovering a scar that El has from her time in the lab.) Mike spreads his fingers out across her skin, palm flat against the smooth dip between her shoulder-blades, "Is that okay?" It should be impossible for someone, some person, to feel precious, to feel soft. But she does; is soft to his touch in a way that's absolutely singular and entirely her own.

lean for me and i'll fall back (unzip your skin)

"El?"

"Yes?" El looks back at him. She brushes her hair from over her collarbone, keeping the locks fisted in her hand, curls grazing along the top of her back as she peers across the room at him.

Curiosity is clear on his face now - he spent so long just staring at her that his face has betrayed him - along with something that El can't read. She thinks it might be hurt. But, there's no reason for Mike to be hurting right now, so she ignores it. Instead, she focuses her attention on his mouth, watching as his lips part to form words, silently smacking together as he speaks,

"Do you," Mike starts, and his breath shakes, quivers, almost as though he's unsure how to proceed. El just watches, blinks in confusion as he approaches her with small steps. He'll usually come to her in long strides. "You know you have," he frowns, brows furrowing in the middle, "you have a... scar."

She lets go of her hair, letting it sweep along her left shoulder to hide the first inches of a mark she'd pretended not to bear. "I know," El says, and she closes her eyes with a sigh, head ducking to avoid his gaze entirely. "I know, silly."

"I'm sorry." Mike reaches out a hand, laying it on her upper arm reassuringly. She doesn't move, doesn't flinch away. He takes that as a good sign. "I shouldn't have mentioned it." He shakes his head, dark eyebrows still twitching in some kind of confusion, "Sorry."

"Stop saying sorry, Mike." Hazel eyes flicker open then, but she keeps her gaze set on the rug beneath her feet. It's a thick mess of emerald leaves and yellow flowers, the edges frayed by wear and tear from past hotel guests. She hates it. "You didn't give them to me. Papa did that."

"Do you want to talk about it?" He asks, voice lowered as though he doesn't want anyone else to hear.

There's no one else in the room, though. The only sound is the low hum of the air conditioning, its fan spinning in slow, dizzying circles in a bid to keep them cool. The air outside is warm, humid even for this time of year.

(They hadn't once dared complain about the temperature. There were worse things out there, bigger things to worry about. El shrieked, complained about her ruined dress - soaked in punch and so-called 'contraband' vodka - and Mike accused Dustin of being a clumsy dancer before Will had ousted himself as the culprit. They'd had bigger fish to fry a couple of hours ago.)

(That was before they'd skipped out on plans in favor of spending time with one another, reacquainting themselves with familiar lips and careful touches.)

El shrugs, but it's slow, and it comes off as more of a weak nod. She places her hand over Mike's, resting her fingertips in the spaces between his knuckles, pressing. "I didn't behave." She tells him quietly, running her thumb along the side of his wrist where his watch should be. It's on the bedside table. "I think I was five." El sounds unsure of her words, as though either time or willpower has allowed her to forget.

(He doesn't want to pity her. He knows she hates that, hates when he gets *that* look on his face and he fumbles over his words as he tries to find the right thing to say.)

"They don't hurt, do they?" He asks her, simply, sliding his hand out from beneath hers to run it along her arm. He traces the top of her shoulder, long middle finger pressed against her shoulder-blade for a second, right below the faint rose line. It's long and it runs along the expanse of her upper back - the uneven, crooked scar a reminder that she, once, wasn't free. He hates it.

"No." Her head shakes, and Mike smiles (ever so slightly) when she sucks in a breath and then gasps. He moves to stand behind her, boldly daring to rest both hands plainly on her shoulders. His touch is light, featherlike against her exposed flesh, and El raises her head to shoot him a look. "What are you doing?"

It takes him a moment to reply. Too busy caressing the scar with his gentle fingers, Mike swallows down a nervous breath, a thousand thoughts flowing through his brain when he traces a line down her spine with his index finger, from the low of her back to the clasp of her bra. It's pink and white, and he's almost entirely certain the flush of his cheeks could rival it in color.

He slips a hand beneath the material then, knuckles brusquely scraping against the bones of the fabric. Mike spreads his fingers out across her skin, palm flat against the smooth dip between her shoulder-blades, swaying on his feet.

"Is that okay?"

El nods, and he notices the way her lips part, chapped and bruised red from his earlier kiss, "Yes." She nods, again, "Mike?"

He quirks a brow, his touch never leaving her, "yeah?" The boy — young man after tonight, he figures — blinks, eyes burning in the warm, increasingly hot air. That fan isn't doing him any favors. It's curling his hair, and tightening the tie around his neck, suffocating him. And yet, somehow, it's making her feel nicer; her skin smoother and seemingly malleable under his fingers.

It should be impossible for someone, some person, to *feel* precious, to feel soft. But she does; is soft to his touch in a way that's absolutely singular and entirely her own. Not like velvet against the skin, or fresh cream on the tongue. Rather, a gentle wave of refined silk that rises and falls with every breath, pure water continuously hitting his skin in slow ebbs and flows. She's sixteen years worth of slow current, and he's pretty sure he would drown if she asked him to.

"Can we," the brunette starts, and she turns to face him then, lips pursing sheepishly, "do the thing now?"

"The thing?"

"Yes." She lifts his hand from her back, bringing it around to her front. He cups her face in his right palm, thumb running her jaw when she bites her lip, "*That.*"

"Oh."

(That had been the plan all along, he knows. She'd told him as much, though not in so many words. "Tonight, Mike. We can do what Max told me about. I'm ready." She'd offered, then giggled, "Happy screams, right?")

(But then she'd started getting undressed, and he'd *looked* at her, and he'd lost all train of thought.)

"Okay."